

# He Moved Through the Fair

## Rising Gael

My own love said to me, "My mother won't mind  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind"  
He went away from me and this he did say  
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day" He went away from me and he moved through the fair  
And slowly I watched him, move here and move there  
He went his way homeward with one star awake  
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake I dreamed last night that my own love came in  
He came in so sweetly his feet made no din  
He stepped up beside me and this he did say  
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day"

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